



## TALES OF YANKEE ENCHANTMENT.

### THE BURLLESS CHESTNUT.

A Story of Two of the Laziest Boys in the World.  
(Copyrighted by Charles Battell Loomis.)

Mason and Jason Nason were just about as lazy as boys could be. They really had enough laziness to supply a whole family, but they preferred to use it all themselves. They were so lazy

get needles in your hands," said Mason; "or perhaps slip out of the tree," said Jason.

So they passed on. At first the squirrels shouted to each other when they saw them coming. "Look out! Here come two humans," but after a while they were so used to seeing them that they weren't after squirrels, but after burrless nuts, and they chattered derisively at them, as much as to say: "We've seen lazy people here, and they never got just what they wanted."

After an hour's fruitless—or perhaps I should say nutless—search the woods began to resound with the voices of other boys who were taking advantage of Saturday holiday to fill up their bags and baskets with nuts.

Bardwell Studwell, Stillwell Stockwell and Howell Newell came upon the two boys in the course of their wanderings. Each of the trio had a bushel bag half full of the nuts, almost as big as the Italian kind. "Hello, boys," said Bardwell Studwell. "Why ain't you picking up nuts; too hard work?"

"We're hunting for the burrless tree," said Mason and Jason.

"Oh, chestnuts," said Stillwell Stockwell. "Every year some idiot kid does that, but it's just 100 years this fall, my grandfather says, since the tree was found."

"Why, what more do you want than all these nuts?" said Howell Newell. "I never saw so many in my life. Well, if you must go, good luck, but you'll find it easier in this end to get what nuts you see and not hunt for the other kind."

"Why, half the fun is knocking 'em out of the burr," said Bardwell Studwell.

"Work isn't even fun," chorused Mason and Jason, and away they walked with eyes peeled for the burrless tree. They had foolishly thought that what nuts you see and not hunt for the other kind."

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to a red-headed woodpecker, and you know how little time that takes.

Mason always carried a ball of very fine thread in his pocket, and he took it out and tied one end of it to the tree, and then they started for home, unwinding it as they went, so that they could find their way back. Just as they got half way home the ball gave out.

By a curious chance Jason always carried a ball of very fine thread in his pocket, and he tied this to the end of the other, and they continued their home run and met their father just about starting to look for them with Ned and the big wagon.

"We've found the burrless tree," said both together, "and we killed a panther."

Old Grandpa Nason was standing in the gateway. "That's just what Anderson Sanderson did the time he got the nuts. I've heard my father tell of it time and again. You're smart boys."

The boys were soon put on the wagon, and Mr. Nason whipped up old Ned, and following the thread, they came in course of time to the tree.

Mrs. Nason had thrown a few apples and a loaf of bread into the wagon, as she thought the boys might be hungry. She had not worried, as she had guessed what they were doing. The

twins ate the food as if it had been a Thanksgiving dinner.

It didn't take Mr. Nason long, with the help of a coal shovel, to fill seven barrels with the nuts. He left the panther, because Mrs. Nason hated cats of all kinds.

On the way home they met Kneeland Vreeland, and when he saw the seven barrels of burrless nuts he congratulated them. "Although my eight barrels are burrless now, and I haven't a prickler to show for it, it's a great chestnut year."

The twins did not say that they had secured any pricklers themselves. They were really too tired to say anything.

That evening their mother boiled and roasted a lot of the nuts, and they were very good; no better than ordinary nuts, but excellent, nevertheless. But, strange to say, the boys did not care to eat any. They may have been too tired, or they may have thought that such hard-earned nuts deserved a better fate, but whatever the reason, the nuts went begging as far as Mason and Jason were concerned, and so, after a few days, they were shipped out west to a toothless minister, to whom a box of goodies was expressed every fall by the missionary society.

It would be true to say that the boys were cured of their lazy ways, but, as a matter of fact, they still coast to school and skate to grandma's as of old, so the lesson of the burrless nuts was lost on them.

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## MEN WHO CHARM WOMEN.

### One Writer's Opinion, Which Contains Some Practical Hints.

(The Criterion.)

The man who charms all women must have the suggestion of bodily strength. It may be a strength which has been inspired, but the signs of it must be there. The man whose face is "peaked," whose eyes are not straightforward, whose hands are thin and dry and

sallow, never charms a woman. If a woman were always to tell the honest truth (which I am now doing), she would say that the man she found fascinating was the one she never laughed at; who had no point on which her sense of the ridiculous could rest. He is not necessarily serious himself, except in all things which concern her. She is delighted to laugh with him.

It is a humiliating fact that a woman notices, first, the way a man stands on his feet. The strength and power of his legs and feet may typify to her his position in the world. The man who trots along may be of an angelic disposition, have the face of a Raphael, and the intellect of a sage, but no woman ever worshipped him. She wants him to step boldly.

Women seldom find a smiling man

fascinating. They are apt to distrust, or to find commonplace the man who is too readily good-humored. They admire a more complex nature, one which can discriminate. The "ladies' man," the creature who seeks women's society constantly, and is altogether gallant, they treat with small respect. They are necessary to him, not he to them.

But that woman does not live who does not find a fascinating quality in the man with a quiet, sense of humor. Sometimes she will even allow it to direct itself against her own idiosyncrasies; or, rather, that particular idiosyncrasy which is not her "sovereign spot." That must never be touched or recognized. It is the man who seems firm, decided and strong, and yet who can consider her, who wins a woman's heart and holds her allegiance. Perhaps no better illustration of the way not to do it could be made than Mr. John Drew's part of Mr. Farbury in "The Tyranny of Tears."

In this play Mrs. Farbury loves her husband devotedly, but cries at him whenever she wants her own way. She is what her husband calls "exigent." In the first act he wants to go on a week's yachting with an old friend. She cries. Every woman in the audience sits in despair, because not a man there has sense enough to know what that woman is crying about. It isn't be-

cause he wants to leave her, although she says it is. It is simply because he made his plan without consulting her, and she does the same, he would have been furious.

The fascinating man would have said, quite frankly: "Gunning you me to yachting for a week. Would you mind if I went?"

And she would have thought of the thousand things she wanted to do, and would have packed his traps gayly, and bidden him goodspeed. But he who charms knows the feminine nature. A man a woman loves can have anything she can give him that he will ask for. It's not the asking that makes all the row. If a woman knows absolutely that she can do as she pleases, it is her feminine nature to abnegate herself. She gives the road to everybody except and happy in the knowledge that she can have it when she wants it. And that fact the charming man knows.

Your really fascinating man knows, why name his qualities? But one charm is strengthened by propriety. Why name his qualities? But one charm is strengthened by propriety. Why name his qualities? But one charm is strengthened by propriety.

He is the only man who ever knows the full charm of any woman's personality.

Do you want help of any kind? The Herald will run your advertisement free.

## DOG STAR ON THE STAGE.

### He Is Leading Man in Robinson Crusoe.

M. Rochard, manager of one of the large Paris theatres, gives an interesting account of certain members of the cast he has engaged to play a grand fairy drama from the story of Robinson Crusoe. The hero, as everyone who can read knows, was cast upon a desert island with only a dog for a companion. He eventually captures a goat, a monkey and a parrot. The play is now running in Paris and the four animals play the most important roles. So clever are they that they have captivated the whole city. The dog, especially, the parrot had an exceptional chance to shine, for he had a speaking part, until he became so disorderly that it was taken from him.

The chief interest now centers in the dog. There are any number of who dogs, mathematicians, who make additions and subtractions, others who play at cards, some at dominoes; but there are acrobatic dogs innumerable; and there never was a dog more constant than Fero II, now playing the part of Toby, Robinson's faithful companion. Fero belongs to an artist of Paris, Charles Weissner. He is a shepherd dog of Bre, very much akin to the Pyrenean breed. He came of excellent stock, his father, mother, grandfathers and grandmothers were well known prize winners at the best shows.

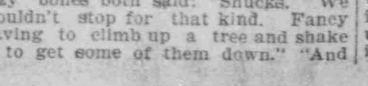
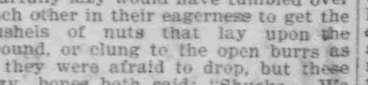
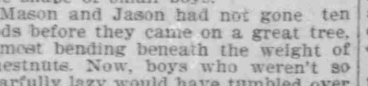
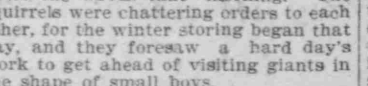
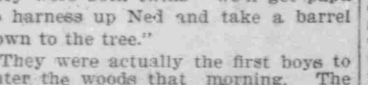
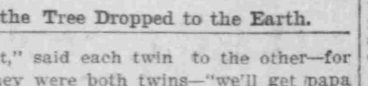
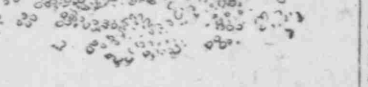
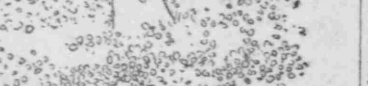
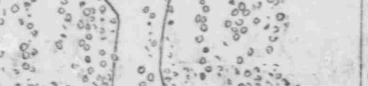
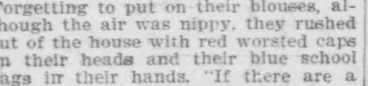
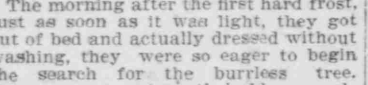
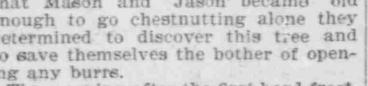
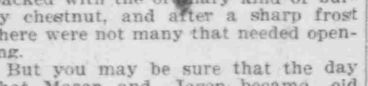
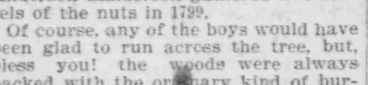
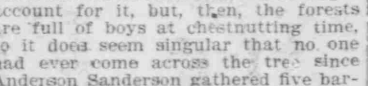
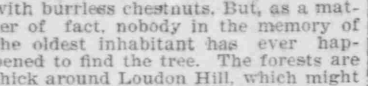
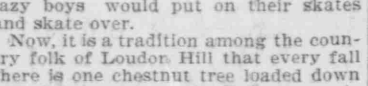
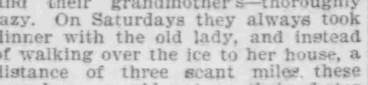
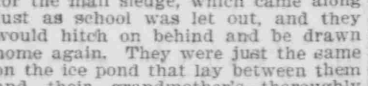
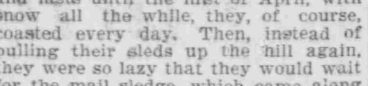
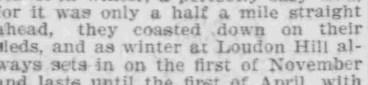
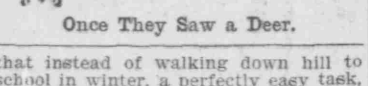
Until he entered the theatrical profession he lived quietly and happily in the little cottage home of his painter master at La Roch-Villebon. M. Rochard, who was in need of a dog for his Robinson Crusoe heard of his reputation for intelligence and obedience, and so Fero was engaged as head liner at a good salary.

Fero always remained Fero, though in the play he became Toby. He was what actors call a quick study and was soon perfect in his lines. Though he has become the almost constant companion either of Mr. Dartmorr (Robinson Crusoe), M. Paugand (Friday) or of M. Rochard, yet he never forgets his masters. At the theatre he readily answers to his stage name, "Toby," but away from it he is useless to call "Toby," as then he only recognizes his proper name, Fero. During rehearsals he often enjoys a siesta in the private room of the manager, but the instant the call boy cries, "Toby, on the stage," he is off to the wings like a shot.

During the course of the play Robinson shoots a bird. Fero bounds after it and carries it back to his master, but, climbing a ladder to the hut, he gravely turns it over to the cook, Friday. He knows every cue, and at the proper time, without waiting to be told, trots off to fetch the thread, pipe, vegetables and kettle. He enters into the very spirit of the play. He is quite delighted when Robinson is sad, but jumps with gladness when his master is restored to his wife and family, rushing off to awaken his companions, the goat and the monkey, to break the good tidings to them.

The goat has a very simple part. She has merely to assist at the family meals of Robinson and Friday. But the monkey—Ah! that confounded monkey," said M. Rochard. "He gives us no end of trouble. He is not over particular about his part; does not in the least seem to realize or appreciate the dignity of his profession, and when wanted at a critical moment is as often as not to be found in the dressing rooms, picking the pockets of the performers. Once he deliberately sprang from the stage and climbed into the stalls, to the consternation of a party of ladies and children."

As for the parrot, M. Rochard wanted a first-class Macaw, but the three or four experienced with proved to be terribly vicious that he gave up the idea of Macaws and took on what looked to be a very meek-speaking parrot, who soon learned to say that Friday was a fool and didn't know the kettle. But he never could be relied upon to speak his lines at the right moment. It developed a fondness for low company,



Once They Saw a Deer.

